The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME VIII New York, Saturday, September 2, 1916 Number 96

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EACH side in the railroad controversy claims to be standing on a principle—the executives for "arbitration" and the Brotherhoods for the "eight-hour day." The President accepts both principles, and wishes to put behind them the full authority of the national government. To the men he says: You shall have an eight-hour day, a real one, and it shall apply not only to you but to the other workers you have failed to organize. To the executives he says: You have insisted that you could not yield the eight-hour day, because you stood out for the future of orderly adjustment. You shall have compulsory mediation based on the power of the national government. Both sides have contended for principles which progressive public opinion sanctions, and both sides shall have their principles. They shall be written into law, sanctioned by government, given the backing not of economic power but of political authority. Mr. Wilson has done what high statesmanship in a democracy must do: he has interpreted the demands, principles, and interests of group interests, and lifted them up into a national program. In a very real and accurate sense the President has made himself the spokesman of a whole people. He has not treated the demands of special groups as something to be ignored or stamped upon as the mere demagogue or tory would. He has integrated those demands with the larger and more persistent interests of the nation. He has shown how to turn an emergency to constructive purposes. He has not sought peace at any price, as his critics claim, but peace on the basis of organization.

OF the President's six proposals four may be regarded as practically non-contentious. The grant of power to draft men for strictly military purposes is necessary if the government is to maintain an army. If the nation can establish military forces there can be no dispute about its power to supply them. The proposal to enlarge and recognize the Interstate Commerce Commission is also non-contentious in principle. The Commission is seriously overworked and greater burdens are to be put upon it. The authorization of a body of men to report on the results of the eight-hour day is likewise an obvious necessity. It is to be hoped that this body will be made permanent and elevated into a Bureau of Cost Accounting, so that the public may never again be asked to judge a great situation without authoritative facts. Such a bureau was suggested by Mr. Justice Brandeis during the rate controversy several years ago. It is long over-due. Nor is there any objection to a resolution by Congress ordering the Interstate Commerce Commission to consider administrative economics or even a rate increase if the facts warrant it. No one would wish to interfere with the Interstate Commerce Commission if it meant the assumption by Congress of the power to fix specific rates. But a general policy for a national purpose Congress has the right and even duty to declare.

THIS leaves the proposal for the eight-hour day as a legal basis of work and wages for railway employees in interstate commerce, and the proposal for compulsory investigation before strikes or lockouts may be called. The eight-hour

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day, like the phrases " due process," " reasonable," " living wage," has not a definite and unequivocal meaning. It represents a general principle of action, a kind of norm for the industrial world. It cannot be applied rigidly, but its general intention can be made a standard in concrete cases. Congress should declare for it and so establish in the minds of employers, men, and public authorities a standard to which they can appeal. The modern community requires an official declaration of what constitutes a civilized working day, and the President is right in believing that eight hours meets the consensus of opinion among those who have thought humanely and disinterestedly on the subject.

COMPULSORY investigation before strike or lockout must be regarded as a necessary expedient which can be developed into something much better. It helps the weaker side in a controversy. On railroads where the men are powerful, it will do much to neutralize their striking power. In industries where the men are weak it enables them to mobilize public opinion on their side. It is not " slavery." It is a regulation of one group's power in order to give the consumers a chance to organize their influence. But a permanent solution of the wage problem on railroads it is not. The real solution is to forestall conflict not by *ad hoc* investigation, but by continuous fixing of wages year in and year out. This more radical solution is not feasible now, and so liberals can welcome compulsory publicity as a first step towards the establishment of a federal commission to deal organically with the wage question.

THE President has definitely fixed the responsibility in case there is a strike. It will be either on Congress or on the Brotherhoods. It will be entirely on the Brotherhoods if they strike Monday before Congress has had time to act, and we warn them as their sincere friends that they must give Congress a chance. They could not do themselves or organized labor a greater injury than to flout the government, and paralyze the nation by striking for a principle which can be obtained legally and peacefully. They are not starving, tyrannized men, and every humane consideration, every question of labor tactics, requires a postponement of the strike order. If the men go out in the face of Congress and the President, they will convince the country that they are a dangerous monopoly to be suppressed, and compulsory arbitration, not merely investigation will become a practical political issue. On the other hand, if Congress shirks, if it dilly-dallies and refuses to meet the situation, the men will have every reason to say that their own power is their own safety. If the Republicans cripple the program, if recalcitrant Democrats desert the country, the blame will be obvious to all, and the punishment should be swift.

PRESIDENT WILSON has made another announcement which must disarm some of the scruples of an honest critic and justify the confidence of his friends. After the expiration of the congressional session he promises to confer on Mr. George Rublee a recess appointment as Trade Commissioner. By so doing he will not only be fairly recognizing the deserts of one of the most competent and disinterested men in the public service, but he will be protesting against one of the grossest abuses ever perpetrated in the name of an essentially vicious system of confirming appointments. The Senate refused to confirm Mr. Rublee as Trade Commissioner only because a Republican Senator from his own state declared the appointment to be personally objectionable. Senator Gallinger had no clear right to object to Mr. Rublee's confirmation even under the deplorable rule of senatorial courtesy. By submitting to his dictation the Senate was merely making itself the accomplice of a spiteful old man. Nevertheless all the Republican advocates of good administration (with the honorable exception of a few progressives) voted against confirmation; and they were aided by enough Democrats to accumulate a bare majority against Mr. Rublee. For a while it looked as if the President would consent to this injustice. His final refusal to do so commits him to a disagreeable fight with the Senate, but it is a fight which will be worth all that it will cost. If he can win the fight and keep Mr. Rublee in the public service he will both be contributing to the success of a most important commission, and successfully rebuking a peculiarly contemptible piece of senatorial politics.

WHEN Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary in June, 1915, it looked like the beginning of the end. The addition of the Italian army made the military preponderance of the Allies over the Central Powers overwhelming, and Italy's participation seemed to bring with it that of the Balkan States, all of whom had something to gain from the break-up of the Austrian or the Turkish Empire. The terrific German offensive against Russia temporarily falsified these anticipations. Its success and the resulting campaign against Serbia brought Bulgaria to the assistance of the Central Powers and postponed for over a year what appeared to be the inevitable consequences of the entrance of Italy. But it was only a postponement. The Allies are now reaping the

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fruits of the unexpectedly quick recovery of the Russians, of the wise insistence of General Joffre upon the retention of an army at Saloniki and the conversion of that city into a base of operations against Bulgaria and Turkey. Roumania has been drawn in and Greece will almost certainly follow the example. These accessions are of decisive significance. Neither of the two new belligerents, if there are two, has proposed to take any chances. Their readiness to participate can be interpreted only in one way. The war is won. It is only a question of how large the victory will be. The Roumanian government must be acting on the knowledge that Austria-Hungary is on the verge of collapse, and that military pressure steadily exerted over a more extended front will break down the resistance of the Austro-Hungarian army and permit the occupation of the territory coveted by the neighbors of the Dual Monarchy. It makes the military situation of the Central Empires with their enormously extended lines extremely precarious. Some part of their armies may be trapped unless a quick retirement upon a more defensible line is effected. The full importance of these military consequences will develop quickly during the next few weeks, but the desertion of Turkey and Bulgaria by their allies seems inevitable. So does the abandonment of the more exposed parts of Austria-Hungary and possibly all of the German conquests in Poland as far as the line of the Vistula. It is no longer a question for the Teutonic Powers of retaining their conquests, but of economizing and of using to the best advantage their remaining military resources.

IN any event an early peace has now become much more probable. How much more probable the military events of the future will indicate, but presumably it will rest with Great Britain, France and Russia to say whether or not the fighting shall be stopped during the coming winter. Unless the Central Empires develop wholly unexpected powers of military resistance the Allies should be able to offer terms before the first of the year sufficiently advantageous to themselves and measurably acceptable to their enemies. It is very much to be hoped that they will at the earliest possible moment announce the terms on which they will make peace, and that the proposed terms will not be so drastic as to force the Germans and the Austrians to take refuge in a desperate and prolonged resistance. The Germans and the Austrians, no matter how numerous their enemies, and how hopeless their own chances of victory, must always retain one poisoned arrow in their quiver. If they are crowded to the wall, they can add fifty per cent to the cost of an Allied success. Germany, Austria and Hungary are in a position to keep up the fight for a long time and to make their enemies spend additional billions of money and millions of men in forcing them to accept a humiliating peace. Even though they are decisively defeated, their ability to do their enemies so much injury leaves them with a large margin of bargaining power. It remains to be seen whether European statesmen will prove as incapable of subordinating military to political considerations in arranging for peace as they were when the war was hanging in the balance. The outlook is not encouraging. The difficulties of reconciling the ambitions of the Allies with the future security and independence of the Central Powers are formidable. The chasm between the terms which one party may demand and the other may accept is deep and wide. It is all the more necessary that the cards should soon be laid on the table. The terms of peace have an interest to neutrals only less vital than to the belligerents. They will share in the disastrous consequences of another Treaty of Vienna or of Frankfort. Whatever their sympathies at the moment their future attitude will be profoundly affected by evidence of a stubborn disposition to impose terms whose perpetuity will depend exclusively on a preponderance of military and naval force.

THE rider attached to the naval appropriation bill authorizing the President to take up the question of a limitation of armaments after the war and permitting him to suspend construction in case of agreement is a good move. It shows that Congress has grasped the idea that armament is not absolute but relative, that we build ships in relation to the programs of other nations and not for some reason developed out of the inner conscience of naval propagandists. It is a recognition that the program of peace and the reduction of armaments depend not on what any one nation can do, as some pacifists believe, but on international agreement. It is also an affirmation that we in America propose to arm and to enter the race of armaments if other nations continue in it; that we have the resources and the will to do it if necessary, but that if an understanding can be reached we are ready to show our faith in it by suspending construction. In one sense the rider is really the first step ever taken officially by this country towards the organization of a league to enforce peace, for such a league rests in the last analysis on two ideas—the first that the members of the league must have military power in order to support it; the second, that military power must be developed in relation to international rather than merely national necessities.

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The Democrats as Legislators

FORMER Progressives who have decided to support Mr. Wilson because of the record in legislation of the two Democratic Congresses have fastened on the best reason for voting the Democratic ticket at the coming elections. During the last three sessions of Congress the Democrats have passed an unusually large volume of sound legislation. We do not know of any two Congresses whose legislative work has done more honor to its leaders and has been of more service to the country—except some of those which sat during the Civil War or at the very beginning of the history of the Republic. At a time when the systems of party and of congressional government were being raked with severe and deserved criticism the Democrats have done something to restore the political availability and dignity of the two compromised institutions. They have made it better worth while to be a Democrat than it has been since the days of Andrew Jackson. They have enabled the national legislature to assume something of the appearance of a representative body and the Democratic congressmen have written a substantial part of the record with their own hands. President Wilson's leadership has been useful, even indispensable, but much that is good in the work of Congress has been achieved not because of the President's insistence, but on the initiative of Congress itself.

Those who wish a descriptive catalogue of this legislative output are referred to the Democratic campaign literature. It has included a revision of the tariff, a new banking system, a supplement to the Sherman anti-trust law, the Seaman's act, provision for a much larger army and navy, improvements in the organization and equipment of those two services, a revenue bill which levied the cost of military preparations on wealth rather than on consumption, national aid for highways, agricultural education and rural credits, an improved Workmen's Compensation act for federal employees, and most extraordinary of all, the exclusion of the products of child labor from interstate commerce. Thus the list is long and varied. It covers almost every phase of fiscal business and social legislation. Its quality is unusually good. Nevertheless the most significant aspect of the exhibition does not in our opinion consist in the strength, the variety or the quality of the list. It consists in the contrast between the promises of the Democrats and their achievements, and in the radical change which during the last few years has come over the program of the Democratic party. The Democrats have builded well, because they have in part builded better than they knew.

During the campaign of 1912 President Wilson based a sharp criticism of the Progressives on the centralizing, paternalistic and bureaucratic character of their program. By way of contrast, he pictured the Democratic method as one which quenched industrial and social abuses by the eradication of legal privileges and the automatic release of individual and local energy. The Democrats merely proposed to return to the people the freedom to cultivate their own gardens, of which they had been deprived by Republican protectionism and Republican partiality for capitalistic combinations. The Democratic legislative program was intended to embody these political ideals but as a matter of fact it has steadily waxed increasingly paternalistic, centralizing and bureaucratic. When the Democrats came to write their bills they were unable to do away with abuses of industrial and financial power merely by withdrawing certain privileges, revising certain rules and then trusting the outcome to individual interest. The fundamental social and industrial problems always come back. Attempts to deal with them by law are merely experimental remedies which must be applied with discretion and whose operation needs to be watched and recorded and revised. A tariff law which retained a large measure of protection, such as that of 1913, could not be permanently satisfactory. It was not the embodiment of free-trade principles. Its schedules were the result of guesses and compromises; the volume of business to which they were applied was changing in amount and character; abuses and inadequacies had to be corrected; provision needed to be made for some flexibility of application. This the Democrats have come to admit and they are now reluctantly adopting the idea of a tariff commission. The instance is typical. Urged by what were fundamentally the same reasons, they were also obliged to seek the help of a commission in administering the policy of fair trading, which constituted the fruitful idea behind the Sherman law. Finally, in revising the banking system of the country and in seeking to make credit accessible, without interruption to business men of all classes throughout the whole country, they found it necessary to set up a board upon whose wise management the actual realization of the whole policy was made to depend.

We are not calling attention to these facts in order to nag the Democrats for their inconsistency, but to congratulate them on their readiness to discard obsolete principles and to consult realities in the preparation of their legislation. Their legislative achievements can fairly be accused of all the crimes charged by Democratic orators and scribes of the former legislative program against the Progressives. It is paternalistic and bureaucratic be-

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cause it sets up commissions whose business it is to interfere with the self-interested behavior of individuals and corporations, and to mould them to public uses. It is centralizing because the national government assumes responsibilities for education, for agricultural development and for social well-being which have hitherto been left to private initiative or state action—responsibility which the states should have been perfectly capable of redeeming. The whole record ignores and defies the Jeffersonian tradition. Its tendency is to use Hamiltonian administrative nationalism in the interest of a democratic social policy which is, of course, precisely what the Progressives proposed to do four year ago. The Progressive party is dead, but its principles are more alive than ever, because they are to a greater extent embodied in the official organization of the nation.

Since the first presidential term of Thomas Jefferson, when the Democracy disarmed Federalism by appropriating the Federalist organization, which until then they had been so violently denouncing, the Democrats have never bothered about squaring their practice with their principles. The tradition is one from which they have rarely swerved, and it is repugnant to those who believe that the experience of a nation loses much of its meaning unless it embodies a candid attempt to work conscious human ideals into social facts. But in their recent performances the Democrats, while not abandoning a shabby tradition have somewhat improved on it. They have developed an ability to legislate constructively; and it would be a grave mistake to attribute their success either to accident or to an unprincipled devotion to political expediency. They have builded better than than they knew largely because they were building in good faith. In almost every case the bills originally introduced were substantially improved during transit through the House and the Senate. Such was conspicuously the case with the Army and Navy and Revenue bills of the present session, and the tariff, currency and anti-trust legislation of the previous Congress. In other instances, such as the Shipping and Conservation bills, their introduction was followed by a process of deterioration; but the improvement took place often enough to justify the drawing of one important inference. The Democrats have shown themselves capable of that fruitful deliberation which is a condition of all constructive legislation. They are learning to learn. Biased as they are by class, local and party interests, their successes would have been impossible without the possession of one eminent and indispensable qualification. They have been measurably disinterested in their work; they have been really considerate of the public welfare, and honestly and open-mindedly desirous of promoting it.

Any approval of the record of the Democratic Congress remains, however, subject to one grave qualification. It did something to reform the nation; it did nothing to reform itself. It remained until the end the inveterate enemy of efficient, executive organization. It remained to the end suspicious of the administrative instruments which it was forced to bring into existence. It was reluctant to grant to them the power and the resources commensurate with the responsibilities imposed on them. It increased the size of the army and the navy, and almost doubled the appropriations for those services, but it refused to cut out any of the unnecessary army posts and navy yards. It added to the weight of the odious burden of military pensions. It talked a little about budgetary reform, but never seriously considered its adoption. In so far as the President would permit, it restricted the operation of the Civil Service law; all forms of congressional "graft" and "pork" flourished with unprecedented luxuriance. If the Democrats persist in these practices they will emasculate and nullify the work of national reorganization, which on its legislative side has been so prosperously begun by the last two Congresses. In this respect the Democratic failure is egregious and complete. Not only have they shown an inveterate hostility to independent and efficient administration, not only have they persisted in keeping the administrative services subordinate to the congressional machine, but they have not shown the slightest disposition to repent of their sins. Neither in their platform nor in their public utterances have they as yet promised any amendment. If they are wise enough to do so before the campaign is over they will enormously strengthen their claim upon progressive voters.

Catholicism Contra Mundum

THE recent congress of the Federation of Catholic Societies in America was an imposing, because suggestive, spectacle. It was no merely fraternal gathering. It was essentially a declaration of fundamental principles. It made clear the issues upon which the Roman Catholic Church in America is prepared to make a bold stand. It revealed with refreshing frankness the terms upon which it is conceived right to admit loyalty to the Republic. It made plain the accuracy of the old Roman vaunt that the Church is unchanging. All the old dogmas were reiterated. The antagonism to modern sociology was almost passionately defined. The President's Mexican

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policy was condemned not in its national, but in its religious aspect. Rarely have we been given a more direct revelation of ultimate purpose.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has already stated its attitude on these problems. It has asserted that education, philanthropy, political policy, can be conducted only on the basis of the completest experimental knowledge. It is fundamentally uninterested in a revelation which does not derive its justification from the progressive experience of men. The issue so defined has been accepted by Father Blakely on behalf of his Church, in an article that recently appeared in *America*. He takes his stand against the sociology "whose attack is directed not against the Catholic Church alone, but against the very foundations of revealed religion." He objects to making the American state function in any fashion save that which is acceptable to his Church. The use of modern educational resources in the training of the child is, as he conceives, simply its paganization. He is opposed to every phase of social policy which does not obtain Catholic approval. The modern attitude, he urges, "is a blind, unquestioning acceptance of the complete supremacy of a godless community over every phase of human activity." Such a supremacy he can never admit. A life lived on terms unsanctioned by an infallible Papacy seems to him impious and unfruitful.

It is no chance pronouncement he has made. His thought found vigorous endorsement in the orations of the three Cardinals to the Catholic Congress. While they reiterated their loyalty to America, they made it clear that such loyalty was conditioned. They demanded in return the right of their Church to the fullest development of which it is capable. They demanded for it the power to live its life on its own terms, for the purposes it deems the most sacred. It was only when such privilege was conceded that their attachment to America could be genuine and full.

Theoretically, that position is unassailable. But when it is translated into concrete terms of the event it is seen to be an attitude full of the gravest implications. The cardinals—and particularly Cardinal O'Connell—were emphatic that in her own sphere the Church must be supreme. No one denies it. Religious liberty is one of the principles most inherent in our national life. We tolerate every kind and degree of ecclesiastical attitude so long as its work is confined to religious endeavor. The problem of Catholic America is simply and frankly this—that its work is not so confined. The Roman Church has purposes to fulfil, has positions to maintain, that seem incompatible with the progress of the community. It is the official propagandist of obscurantism. It stands four-square against most effort to advance scientific knowledge. What Father Blakely repudiates as "paganism" is simply an effort to make the American child aware of the ethical implications of democracy, a determination to bring it into contact with all that may develop the good of which it is capable. That must be the unceasing effort of every one at all careful of our national life. It means an attitude which recognizes the importance of Darwin no less than of Aquinas. It insists that however significant be the revelation accorded to St. Paul, that is no reason for believing that we must limit our interpretation of the world to his philosophy or Rome's conception of it. We resent the effort of the Roman Church so to define its freedom as to make it the badge of other people's servitude. We deny the right of any one, be he Catholic or Protestant or Jew, to remain consistently ignorant of the march of the human mind. Cardinal O'Connell may trace this war to the wickedness of Huxley, of Haeckel and of Kant; but he thereby reveals only his complete indifference to the character of their achievements. It is time that he realized how infinite is our ignorance; time, too, that he should understand how little likely we are to progress by elevating our lack of knowledge to the position of a primary virtue. We do not forget the attitude of Rome to Giordano Bruno and to Galileo; we regret its extension to twentieth century America.

The Roman Church must realize that liberty is a relative concept and that we cannot each one of us do as we will. The modern democracy, for example, has decided to permit divorce. While no one denies the right of the Roman Church to deny divorce to members of its communion, one does object to its stigmatization of divorce as sin for those outside its membership. One does object to its policy of advocating separate schools—as if arithmetic or logic or chemistry could be better taught on Catholic principles or had some mystic relation to the Catholic religion. If the loyalty of Catholics is dependent on our admission of these things we cannot secure their adherence. If they believe that their religion demands that they govern their charitable institutions on antiquated and unintelligent principles, the fact that the subjects of their philanthropy are citizens of the state constitutes ground for interference and control. We have been told by Cardinal O'Connell that his replies to anxious inquiry must be sufficient and go unquestioned. We reply that no answer replete with political significance can be accorded the privilege of infallibility. America is no hierarchy, like mediaeval Europe, with the Papacy spiritually at our head. Had we any desire to acknowledge its desirability the spec-

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tacle of French Canada, made invincibly obscurantist by the efforts of Rome, would be sufficient to secure us from yielding to it. We can reject no weapon which promises knowledge on the ground that it is not found in the Roman armory. We must demand the investigation of all things. We shall judge well of institutions like the Roman Church in so far as they contribute to the scientific conquest of our environment. An institution which calls men like Huxley and Darwin and Kant evil and monstrous, can hardly free itself from our suspicions. A Rome such as this is out of harmony with the needs of the modern state. It is constituting itself visibly and consciously the barrier to our progress. It looks for its truths in the past. It defines the meaning of good to be no more than acceptance of its ancient dogmas. The verdict of a sovereign elected by the chance vote of a political conclave it asks us to accept as divinely infallible. The Church which within a generation cast out a Döllinger, the greatest theological historian of the nineteenth century, and within our time has officially stamped as impious that modernist movement which asked no more than the right of free inquiry, can hardly command our confidence. We cannot believe that a revelation now two thousand years old, so variously interpreted, often enough so doubtfully historical, must have complete sway in the modern state.

The fact is that the modern Church is partly a political power and as a political power she has to be treated. That is why our attitude to American Catholicism must differ radically from our attitude to American Protestantism or American Judaism. The Pope is sovereign of a state none the less real because it is unterritorial in character. He is aiming at the victory of certain principles conceived as ultimate and he is prepared to provoke conflict with all who come into antagonism with his aims. Ruler as he is by divine right, holding, in the power of the keys, the gateway to salvation, infallible in every *ex cathedra* pronouncement, knowing no limit to a power which he only can define, he is without doubt a formidable antagonist. It is as a great sovereign that he must be treated. His subjects are in the same position as those mistaken Germans who have viewed the United States as a colony of their fatherland. Like them, Catholics are told that their attitude must succeed because of the universal rightness. But just as what we term Prussianism contained, by reason of its very violence, the seeds of its own disintegration, so is this militant Catholicism destined to a similar destruction. No church to-day can hope for survival if it provokes against it the forces of modern civilization. Only by alliance with their potentialties can it hope to exist.

The Naval Program

THE surrender of the House of Representatives to the Senate in the matter of the Navy Bill is of course a crushing defeat for the "little navy crowd." At the moment a consideration of ship types without reference to the allied problems of naval policy, appropriations and organization seems pertinent. Appended is the table of ships authorized by the Senate, and adopted by both houses for three years, with their first year program and also the rejected provisions originally proposed by the House:

	Senate		House
	1st Year	3 Years	1 Year
Battleships	4	10	—
Battle Cruisers	4	6	5
Destroyers	20	50	10
Scout Cruisers	4	10	4
Coast Submarines	27	58	50
Fleet Submarines	9	9	—
Fleet Auxiliaries	10	10	3
Gunboats	2	2	[illegible]

It will be noticed in this table that the House proposed to authorize no battleships or submarines of wide cruising radius at all, but to put its trust in five fast battle cruisers plus fifty "coast" submarines. The guiding principle of this scheme was to appeal to the voters with those ships which were most familiar to them through newspaper headlines. As a matter of fact the duties of the battle cruiser are misconceived by the general public, while Henry Ford's imaginative plan for a "school" of tiny Ford submarines undoubtedly created a most false impression of what submarines of very limited cruising radius can accomplish. Fifty of such small under-sea craft, authorized at once, would probably have become obsolete before they had ever been launched.

The Senate, on the other hand, chose the wiser policy of sticking to ships of the line, ten battleships reinforced by six battle cruisers, which only in conjunction with the more heavily armored types, can hope to fulfil their proper duties. Moreover the Senate did not overlook the necessity for destroyers, scouts, and the larger types of submarine, all of which add to the efficiency of heavy battleships in action. One is perhaps inclined to doubt the wisdom of building any coast submarines at all, but considering the great length of our coast line, they could probably be used with great effect, as an adjunct of the coast artillery, in defensive operations against a hostile blockade.

The building program adopted by the United

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States conforms, so far as is now generally known, to the present building program of Great Britain, at least in so far as ship types are concerned. The naval innovations of England have generally been adopted by the world soon afterwards. The obsolescence of ship classes has generally first been marked by her. She has always been the first to adopt new types, the first to discard old ones. In this field England leads and the world follows.

Now for nearly thirty years England has planned her fleet tactics with four ship types, as follows:

1. The ship of the line, intended to bear the brunt of the fighting.
2. The heavy cruiser, a ship of lighter armament but of greater speed, intended to disperse the lighter forces of the enemy, and to hold his heavy forces pending the arrival of the true ships of the line at the scene of the engagement.
3. The light or scout cruiser, the advance guard of the fleet.
4. The torpedo boat, useful for outpost work, screen work, and night attacks.

[To these types must of course now be added the submarines, whose duties in general engagements with a fleet are still rather doubtful.]

These four types, while sometimes tending to coalesce, have generally remained clearly defined. Originally we had battleship, armored cruiser, protected cruiser and torpedo boat where now we have dreadnought, battle cruiser, scout cruiser and destroyer, but the duties of the ships and their places in the line remain exactly the same. No nation, of course, is to-day building anything between battle and light cruisers, although the British are still using such of their old armored cruisers as they can.

Now just before the war the British attempted to combine two types—the ship of the line, the heavy dreadnought battleship, with the heavy or battle cruiser. The result was the hybrid Queen Elizabeth class—Queen Elizabeth, Warspite, Barham, Valiant, Malaya. There were no capital ships either of the dreadnought or battle cruiser type building in England when the war broke out. The Queen Elizabeth was a compromise in speed between the two older types, in armor protection between the two, but of very heavy broadside fire. To-day it is supposed that the combination of those two classes was not successfully accomplished, and that the British are building at the present time separate and distinct types as formerly. At any rate America has rejected the innovation. Whether, as is most probable, our naval authorities know that England has already reverted to the two-class plan, or whether they themselves disbelieve in the Queen Elizabeth as a satisfactory compromise, is not yet known. But it looks as though the heavy cruiser type would subsist as a ship whose duties were not primarily those of a ship of the line. Although battle cruisers can administer the most severe punishment, they cannot stand up under punishment as a battleship can. Speed is increased at the expense of protection.

Now unquestionably the Democrats have combined a conservative naval policy with a liberal program of new construction, and they should have the credit which is due them. They have not rushed into a plan to build the ships which they hear about in the papers, and those ships only, as at one time seemed likely. They have been brought to understand that naval duties cannot be accomplished by one sort of ship, but only by several sorts working each in its proper sphere. And they have accepted the submarine without placing over-reliance upon it. There is little to be criticized in the 1916 Navy bill, from the point of view of new construction.

As to the future of the submarine, it is hard to prophesy. There appears to be no limit to her size and cruising radius. As a destroyer of commerce her future appears to be even more startling than her past. But the ability of a submarine to take part in fleet actions is still questionable. Above the water she is just an egg shell, and will always be one no matter what her size. Under the water she is wholly blind. Even with her periscope above water she is near-sighted. Future inventions which may increase her efficiency are equally likely to increase the efficiency of the fast surface boats, her enemies. All that can be said of the submarine to-day is that she has become a recognized sea type, possessing a sphere of usefulness which may either increase or decrease, but which will probably increase. In their submarine building policy as elsewhere the Democrats have been wise in their treatment of the Navy.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1916, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Mesaba Range Strike

THE strike of iron miners employed by the Steel Corporation in northern Minnesota was one of those spontaneous walkings-out of unorganized men which leave the managers and the community a trifle dazed.

The Mesaba range is a high plateau running back from Lake Superior for one hundred miles or more, with rich bodies of iron ore for its whole length and ten miles of its width. It is a pleasant, open, sun-lit land, in spite of its long, rigorous winters and its great expanses of brush and stump land, denuded by the timbermen of the forests that still thrive to the north. When the Steel Corporation acquired title to the richest deposits, built modern docks at Duluth, seventy miles to the south and east, and created a great fleet of ore-carriers, the Mesaba range became at once the most important iron-mining district on the continent and the chief support of Duluth's hope of becoming a big industrial city.

On the range this winter and spring the Steel Corporation, through its subsidiary, the Oliver Iron Mining Company, had twice increased the wages of laborers employed in the open pit mines, each time by ten per cent, as in the Pittsburgh district, and at the time of the strike in June they were receiving $2.60 for ten hours' work. With six days' work a week for every week in the year, they would have earned a little less than the amount agreed upon by all governmental and private authorities as the minimum on which a family can be supported in decency and health. But the winters are long and hard, and the open-pit laborers lose many a shift when work closes down and they are compelled to leave their families for a winter in the distant lumber camps.

Underground, where a majority of the men are employed, a peculiar piece-work system of payments prevailed. Each miner was assigned to a stope or chamber by the mine captain, or foreman, and his rate per ton was then fixed by the mine authorities according to the softness of the ore. These rates were fixed weekly or bi-weekly, according to the mine, and the miner was neither consulted nor informed regarding his rate until the end of the month, when he received his pay. If a miner's tonnage for the week ran up to a figure that yielded wages disproportionately high, the rate was cut. Sometimes, when a miner struck hard ore, it would be at least a week before his rate was increased, and in the meantime he worked for as little as fifty cents a day. In one of the best of the mines, the company payroll showed a range of wages from $1.21 to $4.90. The man earning $1.21 this week might earn $3 or $4 the next. A miner never knew, until the end of the month, what his income would be for that month. The company claimed an average wage per day of $3.40 at this mine. Yet the men were even then on strike for a flat rate of $3 per day in dry places and $3.50 in wet places.

This piece-rate system, with every factor in production fluctuating and uncertain and requiring constantly the exercise by the bosses of a discretion that the miners were not permitted to question, was frankly a speeding-up device, designed to prevent "soldiering." If a miner complained of his cheque, he was told to work harder. No system was ever devised more certain to create friction by encouraging favoritism and corruption on the part of petty bosses, or, when these did not exist, by leaving in the mind of the miner a smoldering suspicion that he was the victim of discrimination.

Without an organization, with no mine committee to speak for him, the Austrian or Italian miner was helpless to make effective protest against actual abuses, or to satisfy himself that suspected abuses did not exist. To-day Mr. Davies and Mr. Fairley, the federal mediators on the ground, have in their possession an imposing stack of affidavits alleging the extortion of bribes by mine bosses, bribes that took many forms from the buying of drinks to the buying of lottery tickets, or the payment of direct bribes at the rate of $5 or $10 a month for "easy ground."

When the strike began at an independent mine where conditions were particularly bad, it spread rapidly across the length of the range. Estimates of the number of men out vary from the 20,000 claimed by the I. W. W. leaders to the 15,000 estimated by Mayor Power of Virginia in his telegram to the Department of Labor, and the claims of company officials that only a few thousand were out. The Western Federation of Miners had no agents in the field. It was even then undergoing reorganization and preparing to forget a past marked by dissensions and failures, even changing its name as part of this process to the "International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers." So the only organization of the American Federation of Labor having jurisdiction in metal mines could offer no aid. But in every large group of unorganized foreign-born

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workers are men who have espoused the doctrines and given their allegiance to the I. W. W. An appeal to William D. Haywood met ready response. Carlo Tresca, Sam Scarlett, Frank Little, and others responded. But the strike was not a week old before the permanent force of Oliver private police had been augmented by a swarm of guards, recruited from Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, any place where men could be found willing to go to the range, strap on guns, grasp riot sticks, pin deputy sheriffs' badges on their shirts, and go forth to attack picket lines, menace strikers' parades, and brow-beat strikers wherever they should be met, singly or alone. Sheriff Meining, of Duluth, told me he had deputized "over a thousand" of these men, and he admitted cheerfully that except for the comparatively few appointed personally by him, he had attempted no investigation of the character of the men thus armed with firearms and public authority. Mayor Power of Hibbing intercepted a letter sent with two toughs to a mine superintendent by Chief of Police McKercher of Duluth, in which McKercher asked that he be notified if the two worthies did not do their work satisfactorily, as "I have something on them."

The reign of frightfulness, inaugurated among the strikers by this army of privately-paid thugs is beyond belief by those unaware, through personal experience, of the methods of American industrial absolutism in crushing a revolt. Strikers were beaten up and thrown into jail on trumped-up charges or no charges at all. Women and babies followed them into prison cells. A striker was shot and killed while on the picket line at a distance of several blocks from the nearest company property. A notorious character named Nick Dillon, a private mine guard deputized by the sheriff, stormed into a miner's home to arrest him on a charge of selling liquor illegally. Dillon and the deputies with him carried guns in their hands, as they strode into the house without knocking and confronted the striker surrounded by his family and a few boarders. A general mêlée followed. A peddler who was calling at the house was shot and killed. One of the boarders was shot twice through the thighs. A deputy sheriff was killed. Many miles away, at Virginia, Carlo Tresca and five other I. W. W. organizers were taken from their hotel at three in the morning, manacled, and placed on a train for Duluth, where they are now awaiting trial for murder in the first degree. The claim is made that their speeches had induced the killing. The striker, his wife and two of his boarders are in jail on the same charge.

The I. W. W., left without leaders on the range, promptly sent Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Joseph J. Ettor, both active at Lawrence and Paterson. Miss Flynn remained in hiding for several days. Then the coming of outside investigators gave pause to the license of the gunmen, and to-day she and Ettor are unmolested. While the federal mediators remain, the Steel Corporation apparently will modify its methods.

It is too early to judge the effect of the present strike. Certainly the federal mediators, now completing their investigation, will be able to present to the managers a bill of grievances, a record of specific abuses, that no decent man could ignore. There are sure to be improvements. And the Company has suffered too severely to court a repetition of the summer's experience. Stock piles have been exhausted, and the engineering plan of many an open pit has been spoiled as the steam shovels gouged out the ore wherever it could be had most easily and quickly. Best of all, public opinion on the range and throughout Minnesota has been aroused, and there is possibility of a strong organization of miners at an early date. Governor Burnquist, who authorized local officials to go the limit in beating down the miners, no longer finds it easy to defend his action. Other public officials at Duluth and in St. Louis county may, at the next election, learn that public authority cannot be used brutally and recklessly on the side of the oppressors in a struggle against industrial tyranny.

GEORGE P. WEST.

Atrocities

IT was almost midnight when I climbed painfully into the Rotterdam Express at Bergen op Zoom. Every nerve ached and trembled. My arms hung paralyzed at my sides. My thin clothing crackled with cold. I had no coat. But nothing seemed to matter, for life and death were like old friends and pain was like a brother. All problems seemed simple, and all emotions clean.

I stumbled into the first open compartment of the first-class carriage, fumbling at my belt of gold-pieces to make sure they were safe. There was an empty seat, and I dropped into it, hardly noticing my only neighbor—a dark-eyed lady of about thirty-five, sitting directly across from me.

I leaned my cheek against the cold window-glass and stared out into the night, "seeing things." It was a mental trick I had learned when tired—to visualize rapidly whole trains of pictures, so that they fly by in the darkness as against a screen.

The crisp voice of the lady in the seat opposite interrupted my picture-making. Her eyes studied

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me with the confident look of the born aristocrat who knows and feels instinctively the privileges of birth. It was not strange that she was traveling alone. In wartime everything is possible. Boats from Folkstone to Flushing went at all hours, for German submarines were active; and this night of nights, all trains were hopelessly off schedule. Our train, the boat-train, would probably reach Rotterdam after two o'clock in the morning.

"You are English?" she asked.

"No, I am an American. But all my ancestors were from the British Isles."

"I should have thought you English." Her eyes examined me carefully; touseled hair, soft collar, and coatless shoulders.

"You compliment me," I said, "since you see me half-dressed and half-frozen. But *you* are English."

"By birth, yes. By marriage I am Dutch. My husband is head of a department of government in The Hague." She spoke a name well known in Holland. "I have been two months in England visiting, and am just returning. Tell me," she explained, without altering the modulation of her voice, "have you seen any of those vile Huns?"

"I have just come from Antwerp."

"So I thought. I should like to burn the whole German nation, as one's gardener burns the worms in an apple tree! Did you see any atrocities?"

"No."

She appeared disappointed. "My family is well known in England," she said. "I have friends—army officers high in the service, you know. They have told me unspeakable things. In an English hospital I saw two little Belgian children with their hands cut off at the wrists——"

"Don't!" I interrupted.

"You don't want to hear about them?" she asked in evident annoyance.

"Forgive me," I begged. "I've just come from the midst of the war. My nerves are a bit on edge. I've seen so much to-day——"

"Then you *have* seen things," she said positively. "Now I want to hear about them. Tell me exactly what you have seen!"

"Shall I tell you how the Germans came into Antwerp?"

"Please do. Did they commit any atrocities?"

"No," I said. "They came in very quietly. I went up to the first officer I saw and began to talk with him. Do you know the first thing he asked me? It was the same thing you asked. 'Are you English?' And he didn't seem to care one way or the other. He asked me politely, just as you would ask."

"But didn't the Germans shoot any citizens?"

"No," I said.

She stared at me with sudden dislike and suspicion. "Are you pro-German?" she demanded.

"Not in the least," I returned. "I am heart and soul pro-Belgian, and I want the Allies to win."

She seemed doubtful. Her dark eyes bored into me, as if to lay bare the falsehoods hiding behind my tired face. "Didn't the Belgians do anything?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Did they let those murderers come into Antwerp without fighting to the last man?"

"Oh, they fought, and the English fought, too, splendidly," I went on. "But when the bombardment had lasted thirty-six hours, and the army had gone away, there wasn't anything more to do."

"I should have shot at the Germans from the windows! Why, officers I know tell me they have found women's bodies ravished after they were dead, and there was a girl eighteen years old in one of the London hospitals whose breasts had been hacked off——"

"Please don't!" I implored her.

"Why?" she asked angrily. "People should know these things!"

"You don't understand; you can't understand. I have just seen some of the saddest and most terrible things in the world; the sight of a whole nation in a panic, running away from its country. I've seen thousands of old people, and children, and even little babies. I've seen people of every sort; peasants, aristocrats, and merchants. I've talked with them, walked with them, ridden with them, and stood with them in the cold; and yet I've hardly heard those poor people say one hateful word. During all this terrible week they've been as simple as little children—just wanting to live, and eat, and sleep, and be in company with other people. They've almost forgotten how to hate."

Her fine eyes narrowed. "Don't say that. It's horrible even to think it. Forget to hate the Huns? Nothing in the world could persuade me to do that! Oh, I hope and pray every night for the time when our soldiers are in Germany and can pay them tit for tat!"

I must have winced.

"The trouble with you is, you have been too close to it. You are abnormal just now," she said.

She did not speak again until we were rolling into the station at Rotterdam at half-past two in the morning. I got her luggage out of the racks, and piloted her safely to a taxicab.

"Good-bye," she said, giving me her cool finger tips. "I'm glad we met, although you've disappointed me. Give me your address. On Monday I am going to send you a number of newspapers telling of the atrocities."

EDWARD EYRE HUNT.

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The Crisis in Denmark

THE signature of the treaty between the United States and Denmark for the sale of the Danish West India Islands has precipitated a crisis in Danish politics which now promises to become a landmark in the history of that small kingdom. Starting from the question of the sale itself, the issue is rapidly becoming that of the ascendency in Denmark of the Danish Nationalist party opposed to German influence in Europe and the practical control of Denmark by a party predominantly German in its sympathies. The battle is by no means new—the issue itself half a century old—but the conflict has not been so open and sharp since 1864. Obviously, the Nationalist party, led by the King and the nobles, and backed by great sections of the population, believe that the defeat of Germany is certain and at any rate that the existence of the European war has put them permanently in the ascendency. Otherwise they would not have negotiated and signed the treaty. Again, they did not believe that German opposition would be open and official, that Germany would put military pressure on Denmark, and the correctness of their information now appears from the statement by the German Foreign Minister, definite though unofficial, that Germany would not oppose the sale to the United States. Naturally the Danes do not interpret this as a renunciation of all opposition: they see in it von Jagow's belief that the German party in Denmark will be strong enough to thwart the scheme without diplomatic or official assistance from Germany of any kind. Here then is the real issue in Denmark.

The strategic position of Denmark at the mouth of the Baltic, the close relation of her territory to Hamburg, Bremen, the Elbe, and the junction of the ports with the German railroad system, made either possession or control of Denmark essential to the new Germany. At the least that sort of overlordship of Denmark which England had long exercised must be replaced by the control of Danish parties by interests not hostile to Germany, if not at first favorable to her plans and ambitions. To begin with, the existence of the German fleet and Kiel Canal removed the pressure of the British fleet upon the Danes and made impossible the sort of coercion Nelson had exerted by the Battle of Copenhagen. Having thus in a sense wiped the slate clean, it remained to write a new creed upon it, to offset the long generations of amity and concord between Denmark and England cemented by several royal marriages, of which the last had put upon the throne of the United Kingdom a king who was the son of a Danish mother.

Of the eventual issue the Germans have never doubted. Do not they hold a position as potent on land as the British ever held on sea? Do not the German fleet, the German army, and the commercial power of Prussia render Denmark vulnerable on every side and deliver her territory, her harbors, and her business into the hands of the Germans? How can she dream of resisting? How can she hope for effective assistance from her old ally or to obtain sufficient aid from new friends? Russia, the only real possibility, is as dangerous a friend as Germany might be an enemy.

At the same time, the position of Denmark at the mouth of the Baltic, the certain hostility of Great Britain and Russia to any overt attempt to control the country made a rather slower procedure advisable. Conquest was not to be thought of. That would open at once the whole European imbroglio and the possession of Denmark, even supposing it the certain outcome of the war, would not be worth the cost of obtaining it. The Triple Entente would unquestionably be ready to exert itself to the utmost to prevent such an aggrandizement of the Empire. Hence the plan of peaceful penetration was resorted to, or rather, to be more conservative and perhaps more accurate, certain tendencies and processes already existing and operative were encouraged and skillfully but secretly directed and extended by the German government.

Germans had already begun to purchase land in Denmark—more should be bought. Germans had already discovered that profitable opportunities for the investment of capital and the development of business existed in Denmark—more capital should go there, and so far as possible the stock controlling Danish enterprises and banks should quietly and indirectly pass into German hands. American corporation history showed the ease with which dummies, holding companies, and packed directorates could conceal such operations from the world at large and even from the Danes. The extent to which these plans had been successfully executed has been much discussed and is now to be tested. A pro-German party was thus created in Denmark, openly Danish, enthusiastically German in secret, which gradually grew strong enough to defeat measures in favor of British influence or hostile to Germany, and finally able, with assistance from Berlin from time to time, to defeat publicly measures contrary to German ambitions. It is an open secret

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that the earlier attempts to sell the West India Islands to the United States were thwarted in accordance with orders from Berlin.

Now has come the day when the Nationalist party thinks itself strong enough to throw off the shackles fettered upon Denmark for the last decades and able to initiate policies of its own. It has long known that part of Germany's interest in Danish affairs lay in the necessity of a fleet base for the German navy in the West Indies, if that fleet were ever to operate outside the North Sea. Moreover, how could that navy effectively protect its merchant marine in transit without some such base and a fleet stationed at it? Those islands must become German some day and in the meantime must remain Danish. Indeed, if the German party could retain its control of Denmark, as long as they remained Danish they would be to all intents and purposes German. Until some settlement of the European tangle should be reached, Germany might not be able openly to utilize them; but at all costs the possibility of possession must not be lost.

The treaty for the sale of the islands to the United States therefore is the clear indication of a silent but furious battle fought in Denmark between the Nationalist and the pro-German parties. The signature of the treaty proved that the Nationalists believed the victory won and sought to utilize it. The prompt and powerful opposition in the parliament, able thus far to checkmate every move and thwart every plan, able even to defeat the ministry, to threaten a general election, and to lead the King to attempt a coalition ministry, showed the reason for the complacent and pacific attitude of von Jagow—his entire faith in the ability of the German party to regain control.

ROLAND G. USHER.

After the Penitentiary

"JAIL birds have no call to kick." That is what the editor of the Thompsonville *Courier* said to me when I offered to let his readers know how a dead middle-western village seems to a graduate from an up-to-date penitentiary. It may be that you feel the same way as the editor. When I confess to four years behind me "in the service of the state," you'll be justified in inferring that it was for something pretty crooked. I am twenty-three; so you may be sure my lawyer played up my extreme youth to the best of his ability. Also, I got the benefit of the usual sentimentalism about neglected childhood, the force of circumstances, and social responsibility. When the judge slapped four years on me, I felt I was getting off rather easy. I'd been a bad egg, and for all you know I may still be a bad egg. I never was a liar, though, or a romancer. And so you can take my account of Thompsonville as something just as near the truth as I can make it.

When you first strike Thompsonville, you think it is the sweetest place in the world. It is at the end of a branch line, and there is one accommodation train every day except Sunday. For the rest of the time the old town can sleep, for all anybody cares, in the bend of its little river, with deep pools where you catch the catfish with your hands, when the water is low. The streets are roofed over with the branches of maple and sycamore trees, and the houses, mostly one story, with bay windows and kitchen ells, stand in a green twilight. The sun doesn't get into the town at all except on Main Street, where the farm horses have gnawed the bark off the trees in front of the grocery stores and the blacksmith shop. The elms and sycamores follow the highways out into the country and down the lanes to the farm-houses and barns, which they smother with their branches. All the people here, except those who have to work in the fields, look pale and pudgy, like the boys in the penitentiary in the days of the cell system. There's a lot of sickness here, too. A man from a well-run penitentiary wouldn't dare to live in one of those dark, musty houses on River Street, or even in one of the older farm-houses. Fortunately for me, my friend the philanthropist who planted me here to be redeemed, got me a job on a rather new farm near the village, where the shade trees haven't had time to grow very large. The sun gets into my windows in the morning. It might be there all day if the farmer's wife didn't come in as soon as I am out at work, and close the blinds and draw the shades. Thompsonville hates the sun.

My employer, Mr. Harding, is one of the best-hearted men you ever saw, and I don't believe there is a kinder woman in the world than his wife. They are both about fifty and never had any children. They promised the philanthropist to treat me like a son, and that is exactly how they have treated me. They never refer to my past, and do their best to discourage me from referring to it. They had intended to keep it entirely dark, and were unhappy when they found that I had let it out. They run a mixed farm, and try to raise almost everything, a little corn, a few potatoes, a little garden stuff, some cows, pigs and chickens. It is a fussy, frit-

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tering kind of business. On Mr. Harding's farm you get up before the sun and wake up the cows to milk them. Then you go around and wake up the horses and the pigs to feed them. You eat breakfast before you are entirely awake yourself, and then go out into the field and work a little while at one thing and a little while at another. In that way you fill up a very long day, never doing any real work. At the penitentiary they tried to teach us to work hard while we were at it. Our boss made us see that work isn't very tiresome if you make real progress with what you are doing. Mr. Harding has just the opposite view. Whenever he catches me swinging my hoe or ax as if I wanted to get the work done, he gives me a little sermon about haste making waste. I've discovered that he thinks of work as something made chiefly to fill up the time. So we keep going from five in the morning until nine at night, spinning out work we could easily do in eight hours. The other farmers around Thompsonville do just the same thing, and so do the better families down in the village. They think it keeps them out of mischief.

When Mr. Harding and I work side by side, hoeing corn or milking cows, we hardly ever find a word to say. Mr. Harding never heard of sociology and doesn't want to hear of it. He won't talk religion because he thinks everybody has a right to his own religion, and he won't talk politics because he thinks nobody knows anything about it except what the newspapers say, and they are full of lies. He won't even gossip; it's against his principles. Mrs. Harding is the same way, and at meals we never say anything but "Pass the molasses, please," or "How do you like this coffee? It's two cents cheaper." For a man who has been through a modern penitentiary, this is living like the dumb brutes. In the penitentiary we were always talking about something interesting. We had theories about personal responsibility for crime, about the influence of environment, what the state ought to do to keep young fellows out of crime, and what it could do with us after we had served our time. Of course there were some fellows with funny ideas, like Reddy McMahon, who thought the federal government ought to regulate the locksmith's trade, so there wouldn't be so many easy locks to tempt poor boys, and Shorty Higgs, who argued that they ought to hang a few pickpockets on the main street, as an example to beginners. But there were lots of good ideas floating round the penitentiary. We knew pretty well what they do with our likes in England and Sweden and Siberia, and how the courts manage things in France and Italy, and how the military settle their crooks.

Not that there isn't talking enough going on down in the village. There is all the gossip you care to hear, but it's dreadfully uninteresting if you haven't known the people all their lives. The farmers come in every Saturday and argue by the hour as to which are better, Holstein or Shorthorn cattle, yellow-dent corn or Great Southern White. They never get anywhere with their arguments. Nobody listens to any one but himself. Mr. Harding is just as much set in his ways as any of them. I've sometimes offered suggestions as to how we could improve our farming, but Mr. Harding always freezes me out. It was very different at the penitentiary. There they were ready to listen to suggestions for improving the work. Even if the suggestions weren't practical, they showed that the boys were thinking, progressive.

When my friend the philanthropist told me about the place he had found for me down here in Thompsonville he warned me that things would seem dull and slow, at first. "But you'll find the tone of the place sweet, pure, wholesome." That was the way it looked to me at first, and I was afraid I might corrupt the town, with my penitentiary-made ideas. But now I'm not so sure that the moral tone of the penitentiary wasn't higher, on the whole. We had lived pretty rough lives, but we knew what wrong is, and were taking our punishment for it. We knew when we were shirking and lying, and generally we were ashamed of it. Some of us expected to take up the old life when we got out, but we were ready to accept the consequences. The young fellows I meet here, around town or under the willows by the fishing pools, have a lot of talk that would surprise you. To listen to it, you'd say there isn't anything they wouldn't do if they could get away without penalties. They have the imagination of horrible crooks; all they lack is the nerve. At the penitentiary we made a big difference between the persons we respected and those we didn't. We could tell an honest man as soon as we laid eyes on him, and whether he liked us or not, we never had anything to say about him he wouldn't have been willing to hear. And as for women, if any of the fellows had dared to say a word against one we respected, like the superintendent's wife, we'd have knocked his head off. These Thompsonville boys don't respect anybody, least of all women. Maybe you think I've got a grudge against these boys because they don't take to me. But they do take to me. Some one of them is always running in to get me to come out to some party or fishing trip. Mr. Harding doesn't like it; he's actually afraid they will corrupt me. He considers them a terribly bad lot. The Thompsonville young men used to be all right, he says, but after the railway came in, every boy who was good for anything went down to the city to make his fortune. The

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boys who have stayed here are just leavings, without brains or ambition, and having nobody better than themselves to associate with, they get worse and worse.

There are about twice as many girls as boys in Thompsonville, and they look to me like a different race. They are quiet and sweet and seem rather sad. Mr. Harding says there aren't finer girls anywhere, and I believe him. Of course I don't know them; I feel that they wouldn't want to be acquainted with a man of a record like mine. It might spoil their chances—though God knows what their chances are here. . . . There is one I know pretty well. I deliver vegetables at her house, and I spend a good deal more time talking to her than is necessary. She is very nice to me; she thinks I would never have got into trouble if I had had a good woman's influence. Maybe so; I certainly don't feel very set up over my past life when I'm talking to her. She is a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They have hinted that if I marry and settle down here, I'd get their farm after they die. When it dawned on me they might be driving at something, I got rather scared. Me married and settled down? With my record, I'm not good enough. And besides, after a while I might come to look on Thompsonville as a kind of life-term.

I'm still for prison reform, but it seems to me now that there is more need for reforming the Thompsonvilles. Somebody like Tom Osborne ought to make his home in each of these little old villages, let in the sun and systematize the work, and let loose a few ideas for the young fellows to try their minds on. You can never make very much out of a penitentiary. At best, the boys who come out will be rather a bad lot. But a place like Thompsonville, where everybody could have all the food and air and sun he needs, could be made into a kind of little Heaven, under its swaying treetops in the bend of the shining river.

J.

"The Horrible Pleasure"

IN winter I get up at night, three or four nights a week, and talk from a platform. My subjects are many, all knowledge is my province, the aim of all my lectures is the same—to give my hearers the illusion that they are rubbing noses with the very newest thought and art.

As one is to five, so is the number of men in my audiences to the number of women. My ideal audience would combine the minimum of education with the maximum of surface sophistication. No one who enjoys my lectures would take seriously an attempt by Mr. W. J. Bryan to prove the immortality of the soul in forty-five minutes, yet my performances are just as absurd. In an hour and five minutes I have proved that the fourth dimension is will. A few minutes more were needed for my demonstration that we shall have a noble politics in the United States as soon as we substitute for its present unrhythmical plod-plod the true rhythm of the dance. One of my most popular lectures is or was called, "The Evolution of Deity, or a God after Man's Own Heart."

One series of my talks is really an attempt to drop salt on the tail of Utopia. Utopia needs salt. The future I used to paint was frightfully sugary. It was inhabited by choruses of blessed boys who went their joyous ways to industrial conquest hand-in-hand and singing, by lovely slim upright women who never did anything but look the facts of life straight in the eye. The future as I paint it now is filled with the proud clashing of ruthless egos. Everybody rushes about this future shouting *vae victis,* and yet there aren't any *victi.* Everybody comes out on top.

In such an enterprise as mine success is impossible without the right vocabulary. I take pains with my vocabulary. If I should ask an audience how it felt about liberal studies it would think me a back number. It thinks me very modern indeed if I urge its members to define each for herself, in pragmatic terms, her reaction to the problem of cultural education. One of my lectures, delivered a few winters ago, was composed in this way: I set down a few words, vital, pragmatic, in terms of, cultural, Freudian, subconscious, pre-conscious, the will-to-power, and then filled in the spaces between every two words. Of course I know that there is a difference between "your opinion of" and "your reaction to," if you stop to think about it, but if I stopped to think I should offend my audiences. Besides, not everybody can think who stops for that purpose.

Even without thought, however, life may be difficult. I know that mine is laborious enough. Without reading it is almost impossible to acquire that familiarity with the very modernest proper names which gives my followers such confidence in their guide, and quite impossible to talk about the theory or art form or point of view which each name stands for. Even a trained lecturer has to read a great deal, and some of his reading is certain to be wasted. I, who have a nose for what is new, often fail to pick winners. I made such a mistake many years ago about Izoulet. I spent two or three weeks reading "La Cité Moderne," but he never caught on in this country, and my time was thrown away. By failing to read at the right moment a certain essay by William James I almost missed the Bergson train. At this very

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hour I have a puzzle of this sort on my hands. Has the war made my audiences so anti-German that they will let me tell them the truth about Sudermann, or do the ladies still believe in his fake wilde Weiber?

As for my vacations, which I pass deep in the country, you might suppose that they too were degraded by labor, for at what other period can I get up that love of nature which renders my lectures so sunny? Nothing of the sort. My knowledge of nature enables me to recognize maples, elms, oaks and something that I call to myself the evergreen. The robin I know as children know him, by his red breast, and the crow by his flapping flight and his caw. To me the country is a place where I hear locusts by day and crickets at nightfall, and where the report of an explosion means not that there is one more busted tire in the world but, unless the farmer's boy has lost his cunning, that there is one less woodchuck. The country is a place underneath a sky so large that there is room for all the broken clouds of September. To exercise, to sweat, and to be alone —it is for these pleasures that I go away from cities. It is in libraries that I learn to love nature best.

My profession has its drawbacks. When in the act of lecturing, when I look at eager and approving faces, row upon row, when the little storm of applause gathers and breaks, I cannot always keep my attitude of detachment. Remembering all the hours my half-knowledge has cost me, and the pains I have taken with my lecture, I lose my hold upon reality, and something very like self-respect steals back into my heart. In vain do I say over and over my favorite line of Clough's, "Oh, the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people." The pleasure of pleasing is keen within me, and in my nostrils the smell of praise is sweet. With something almost indistinguishable from sincerity I fall to composing my new lecture.

It is not, nevertheless, when I am at the center of praise that I respect myself most.

My nearest neighbor in the country, his house being about half a mile from mine, is a first-hand man. His mind is thorough. He has an instinct for finding the essential difficulty and tackling it. His specialty is electrical engineering, and his rank in his profession is high. About once a week throughout the summer we dine together and play chess. I have beaten him, and a record in my notebook proves this, about three games out of five on the average. These victories are the true preservers of my self-respect. What a mind I must have had once if even now, after all these years of lecturing, it is such a presentable ruin.

There is one other thing I am proud of. Never, from the first line of my first lecture until the last line of my latest, have I ever used "urge" as a noun.

CORRESPONDENCE

As Another Anti Sees Hughes

SIR: In "Tainted Ballots" you say it is a strange confession for an anti-suffragist to admit that the government of a country may be of supreme importance to its women. Anti-suffragists are not opposed to women voting, because of any lack of interest in the government, nor do they deny that the fate of women is bound up with the government in precisely the same way as the fate of men. Anti-suffragists believe that the welfare of women is thoroughly conserved by men, who are not, as some suffragists would have it—inimical to women, but who are by every tie of nature as interested in women's welfare as are the women themselves, and always ready to consider special legislation whenever women's peculiar needs require it. This is proved by the laws of Massachusetts and New York, which without the ballots of women have served as models not yet attained by the suffrage states.

There is no "curious twist of mind" in having opinions and yet thinking that all women if given the vote would not materially advance or better conditions. A woman may be a logical anti-suffragist and yet feel that government has a tremendous effect on women. But she does not look to the women themselves as the means of righting wrongs; she feels, on the whole, safer in the hands of men. If she is conservative and a believer in the rights of property, she is logical enough to believe that more help will come to her from a male electorate, *even if she herself has no vote,* than to gain one at the expense of swamping the polls with an electorate which has far less interest in property, and represents many less tax-payers. Moreover, it is from no lack of interest in the government that the anti-suffragist prefers the present arrangement, whereby the freedom from party strife makes the non-partisan voice of women the strongest kind of a moral spur, whereby women's activities may be directed to the cause of building up the home, directing education, supporting philanthropies, and encouraging the arts. These women as voters will be opposed by those who are not the speakers, writers, or doers, just as good men and fine men are now opposed by men who would not fight them openly, but who seek the silent, sinister opposition of the ballot-box.

At this moment the woman who devotes herself to a good cause is helped by the votes of good men plus her own vocal and written activities. She is a great help and inspiration to the men who are fighting for the cause. But we cannot have only such women vote. As a voter she will have to meet the opposition of her own sex. It all comes down in the end to the question: Are the majority of women really better citizens, morally stronger, more courageous, wiser, and of sounder judgment than the majority of men? The anti-suffragist waves aside all eighteenth century doctrines of the right to vote. It is with her purely and solely a matter of expediency for the state to decide.

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Myself an anti-suffragist, who leaned towards Hughes, it took me very little time to decide for Wilson after the Republican candidate showed himself both unfair and unduly canny. Unfair because he has listened to a minority and endorsed action which would overthrow the direct mandates of the people; canny to the point of thickness, because he knows perfectly well that he cannot possibly put through Congress a constitutional amendment for woman's suffrage, and he thinks he can placate the militant suffragists and still do no harm.

I had faith in Hughes, a faith built up largely by the memory of his courage as Governor of New York. But this yielding to a clamor, this consent to rob the majority of its due, at the voice of a threat, wipes away at once my belief that he will stand firm before the clamor of other politicians. No, give me Wilson's "obstinacy," even if it means another four years of Josephus!

No one can say that the differences between the candidates are great. No one can read the Republican's speeches without feeling that he is trying hard to widen the breach and make an issue. But since Hughes has come out for suffrage by federal enactment, there has been created one, and only one definite, marked issue. I think that everyone, man and woman, who is opposed to an extension of our already overcrowded, overbalanced electorate should come out strongly and promptly for Wilson.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

Bar Harbor, Maine.

Southern Women and Suffrage

SIR: Two recent articles have appeared in THE NEW REPUBLIC relative to the history of the suffrage planks of the Republican and Democratic parties.

In your issue of July 29th, it is stated that the suffrage plank in the Democratic platform was an "achievement of the Woman's Party and the Congressional Union," and in your issue of August 12th, a communication claims this same Democratic plank for the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Permit me to quote from page 44 of THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The inclusion of the plank by the two parties was the direct result of this campaign on the part of the National Association." Since both the Congressional Union and the National American Woman Suffrage Association repudiate the Democratic plank and its states rights method, I think we can safely affirm that the credit for the Democratic plank belongs to the Southern States Woman Suffrage Conference. The Congressional Union stands for a federal amendment in behalf of woman suffrage and therefore it would be impossible to claim the Democratic plank as its offspring. The National American Woman Suffrage Association in its official organ of June 22nd states: "We offered to both conventions a straight, unequivocal endorsement of woman suffrage, realizing that *success depended upon avoiding an allusion to method.* . . . Our straight suffrage plank was lost in the Democratic Resolutions Committee by two votes."

As a matter of fact the only organization which asked for a states rights plank was the Southern States Woman Suffrage Conference, and this method was adopted by both Democratic and Republican parties. When the history of suffrage is written we trust that the political wisdom of the Southern States Woman Suffrage Conference will receive its just recognition.

KATE M. GORDON.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Some Unsheltered Daughters

SIR: You have printed much about sheltered feminists who are bursting their chrysalides. May I say a little about some of those other feminists who never have known shelter?

Every day I leave a bare little open-air restaurant not far from Washington Square and walk to work through the byways of the lower west side into the swirling noon hour crowds of downtown Broadway and City Hall Park.

In the restaurant I leave girls with bobbed hair and unusual clothes who rest their elbows on the tables and whiff cigarette smoke as they talk earnestly with soft-collared young men whom they meet there every day at noon. They work at odd jobs; they design unusual posters, keep unusual shops, sometimes write unusual verse. But above everything else they are avowed searchers after unusual and "new" philosophies.

Outside I walk along a narrow dirty street, where a woman with white teeth grins at me from a cellar doorway where she sits picking rags. Slats of sunlight strike through the elevated railway and fall on the scraps of paper and tinselled finery that lie littered about her. Then come sun-baked little streets, choked with drays loading paper boxes, where other girls are chaffing away their noon hour with the men who work beside them.

No bobbed hair for these girls! A lady's maid in a Fifth avenue boudoir might be proud of achieving with her mistress's hair the miracle of smooth waves which ornament their heads when smooth waves are worn on Fifth avenue—and "sloppy" smocks. A feminine silhouette from Wooster street looks much like one issuing from Tiffany's unless short skirts betray the brand of childhood in the tenements, slightly bowed legs.

Most of these girls would scoff at "advanced" ideas. They look forward to marriage; they recognize in it a more specialized kind of work, with perhaps a future like that of the woman picking rags, with the baby whining fretfully beside her, or of the bent old grandmother, who pulls draggled newspapers out of street refuse boxes with an iron hook and carries them home in a filthy bag.

But they are feminists as truly as their compatriots in the restaurant. Fine and brave as are the latters' doctrines of feminism often they are merely the rules of a game. It is a game to insist on paying your own way when you go to luncheon with a man. It is a game to whiff cigarette smoke at startled sightseers from uptown, "bourgeois bums," even though you could give an elaborate exposition of your philosophy of cigarette smoking. Feminism here often is no more than an intellectual doctrine which is feeling its way delightedly into practice. To play the game like a good sport is not always easy, but almost always it is fun.

On Wooster street earning one's living is no game. It is a commonplace, in the background of which always lurks the chance of a strike when fiber-silk stockings must be offered up on the altar of the family income, or of a Triangle fire which spreads terror through tenements and shops. It must go on though you are tired or sick or temperamentally disinclined to it. There is no relief in a feeling that you could stop if you wanted to, but are too proud to show the white feather.

When these girls go to Coney with their "fellows" the men pay proudly for the tickets. But when an unusually tall load of paper boxes seems about to slip from the drayman's shoulders, the girls spring forward to help as unconsciously as the men. Conversation is as frank and as free as in the restaurant and the talkers are not

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always thinking how frank and free they are. Jokes and pranks spare no one's foibles. Friendly disputes between a man and a girl often end in a friendly wrestling match, which the other lunchers on the street applaud impartially.

About Washington Square girls are thinking what a feminist should do and are trying gaily to do it. A few blocks further south girls are practicing as fine a comradeship with men without analyzing or understanding a philosophy behind it. And in the meantime the basic pillars of feminism, healthiness of mind and body, and a passion for square work and fair play, are being built by women who work with their hands and women who work with their heads.

MARY ELIZABETH ROSS.

Brooklyn, New York.

Women and the Job

SIR: The charge of the sheltered daughter seemed to me sheer nonsense. I find it hard to believe that anything whatever can prevent any young woman who is of age, of normal health and intelligence, and who really has the instinct of workmanship, from making a life for herself that in some degree will satisfy that instinct. If, however, Miss Mander's picture is typical of any considerable group of women, it is true because of the rarity among women of the fourth qualification. I am deeply sceptical of this modern desire for independence, because close inspection so often reveals a mere coltish kicking over the traces, masquerading as honest effort.

It has been my observation that women take their work both too hard and too lightly. They are extraordinarily and childishly self-conscious and important about their jobs. They take themselves, and in this connection their work, with a seriousness that forbids the saving grace of humor. But it is rather a sense of importance than a sense of responsibility that weighs on them. Certainly one obvious reason for this is the novelty of their situation. They have found themselves rather suddenly out in the world, and they haven't gotten used to it.

With all this superseriousness women paradoxically lack conscience about their work. They combine with an exalted sense of the importance of their entry into the working world a complete indifference toward the goal of their labor. They manage, while sharing the struggle, to preserve their spiritual aloofness. They are incurable volunteers. A common question in my own field of work is "how do you feel about volunteers?" And although in the nature of things service freely given should exact from the donor an even keener sense of honor than that which is exchanged for the pay envelope, I am very sure that few people engaged in any form of work for social betterment have failed to note the unworkmanlike attitude of those who give their services.

It is this spirit carried into women's occupations that makes for the astonishing lack of the sense of responsibility, the failure to be possessed by the meaning of labor. It is often remarked by people in other occupations that to women in general the job, as a job, seems to mean nothing. It is most apt to figure in their minds in terms of the hours per week it exacts from them.

In course of time the point of view probably will alter materially. What I am wondering, however, is whether there is not some deeper force in the fabric of our life which makes women now, and for its own purposes will make them in the future, inherently incapable of contesting in any field except from economic motive. Is it possible that anything so fundamental as the one unchangeable fact of their existence can fail to influence in subtle ways the process of adaptation to a changing environment? It is not without significance deeper than that of personal preference that "women continue to leave money-making for home-making whenever they have the chance."

External circumstances have changed so considerably as to allow and even force an entry into the world of economic struggle. Will opportunity, reorganization, an adequate cash return for effort expended result in a different mentality, a clearer moral outlook, or has nature safeguarded her greatest gift along mental lines? Possibly the true joy in the ideals of labor may come to women when they realize, not that they do not get as much from it as men, but why they do not.

E. M. HARRISON.

Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Advocate of the *Call*

SIR: The conclusions you arrive at in your editorial on the misleading character of a great portion of the radical press, especially that the New York *Call* was 100 per cent untruthful in discussing the recent street car strike, are decidedly unsound.

Basing my ideas strictly on your editorial, the evidence quoted from the *Call* is strictly its *opinions*. They make the bold assertions that the street car men will find the powers of government lined up against them; that the Shontses and the Hedleys will find their property protected at any cost, and that the city government will actually encourage the bringing of thugs into the situation by the owners, and so on.

You characterize this as untruthful, prejudiced, and sufficient evidence to sustain your case against certain sections of the radical press.

You forget that the *Call* is at a distinct disadvantage in this case. You speak after the fact; they made their statements *before*. And while we will all admit that they guessed wrong, we will hardly say that they were "untruthful." The facts that you mention: that all the *Call* predictions did not happen, nor in fact any of them, were not there for the *Call* to use when they made their predictions. Unlike the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC, they could not foresee that Mayor Mitchel was to act very fairly, but they could see that in a vast majority of all strikes everywhere the very things they mentioned took place.

Please deny then that the *Call* made their sweeping predictions on logical assumptions derived from the experience of other labor troubles, at all times, everywhere. The *Call* was logical and reasonable; Mayor Mitchel was and is a decided exception to the general run of mayors. So that the *Call*, while 100 per cent wrong in this case, based its attitude on a nearly perfect truth.

F. A. SIEVERMAN, JR.

New York City.

[It is true that in a vast majority of all strikes the power of government is against the strikers. Mayor Mitchel's attitude was exceptional. But it was the business of the *Call* to know enough about the administration less than half a mile from its office, to realize that it was not dealing with the ordinary administration. As practical advice to men engaged in a strike, the *Call's* estimate of the situation as we stated was just 100 per cent wrong. —THE EDITORS.]

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John Dewey's Philosophy

Essays in Experimental Logic, by John Dewey. Chicago: University Press.

WITH that admirable self-restraint characteristic of the the genuine scientist, Professor Dewey has restricted his life work to the seemingly narrow specialty—the study of how people think and how their thoughts become effective. His contributions to the field of education and to the method of ethical and political discussion, are applications and illustrations of his central theses. To his task Professor Dewey brings a marvellous power of seeing illusive mental events as they occur in all their fullness; and though he has not William James's genius for bringing forth burning words, his greater mastery of philosophical technique and his larger armory of dialectic weapons compel greater attention from philosophers, who, like other professionals, can not admit the possibility of good music where there is no obvious virtuosity. But though written for a technical audience without any extraneous attraction to relieve the close-knitting of the argument, the book before us is not without interest to the thoughtful layman. There are many indications that its pragmatism may soon become the popular philosophy of our progressive democracy—very much as the refined and almost austere simplicity of Epicurus became the professed philosophy of the gilded youth of imperial Rome.

It may seem strange that a thinker of such laborious, almost painful regard for accuracy, so distrustful of vague and easy generalities, should become the patron saint of a multitude who deal in watch-words, to whom the mere use of the words genetic, functional, experimental, dynamic, and so on is the sole condition of intellectual salvation. But on closer consideration this need not surprise us. Professor Dewey's intense earnestness and sensitiveness and his absorption in the thoughts of the "man in the street," rather than in those of the philosophers, naturally make his utterance a fit apology or justification for that characteristic American attitude, so emphatically and unreflectingly expressed by Roosevelt—the worship of the practical, the adoration of deed or act above thought or reflection. Professor Dewey himself, it is true, remains faithful to the noble tradition of philosophy, and in these days of nationalistic romantic anti-rationalism, typified by Bergson, he is one of the very few to insist on the high value of thought. But note, it is the value, not the dignity of thought that he emphasizes. Like William James he has the puritanic distrust of æsthetic categories. He has, to be sure, repeatedly protested against the persistent misinterpretation that his pragmatism makes knowledge merely a means to practical ends of the bread-and-butter type, and at times he explicitly admits that the pragmatic "practical" may include such things as logical symmetry and harmony as ends in themselves. But the great burden of his analysis and the bulk of his illustrations, emphasize ideas of sensory-motor adjustment directed to utilitarian considerations. Knowledge is exclusively a means to control the physical environment. The ancient passion for glory in philosophy thus gives place to the passion for service in the common weal. If I were not convinced that philosophic labels are libels, and if my reverence for Professor Dewey were not so high, I would have called him a naturalistic Puritan.

Among philosophers as among scientists we may roughly distinguish two types that may be called the mathematical and the naturalistic. The mathematicians excel in grasping some fruitful idea and elaborating it with such a perfection or finality of form that humanity is compelled, through sheer admiration, to strain the facts to make them fit these perfect forms. The naturalists, on the other hand, are more eager to observe the actual facts in their naked natural state. They love accuracy more than elegance. That philosophers can write with their eye on the object of their observation rather than on the symmetry of their final system, careful readers of Aristotle and Kant know full well. Nevertheless, the prevailing temper among philosophers has been the mathematical one; for all the great men of science whose achievements have stirred the human imagination, from the days of Euclid and Archimedes down to Copernicus, Galileo and Newton, have been mathematicians. It was only in the middle of the nineteenth century, and most notably in the case of Darwin, that men of the naturalistic type succeeded in impressing humanity with results of the first magnitude. I have no doubt that the great significance of James and Dewey in the history of philosophy will be set down as consisting in the fact that they were the first (except for the little-known anticipatory work of the mathematicians Cournot and Peirce), to make the conscious effort to build up the whole of philosophy by the Darwinian method. At any rate, in my own experience, this has been the successful clue to the understanding of Dewey's position. For several years as a student of philosophy I tried in vain to master his philosophic system. No sooner did I suppose that I had at last understood it, than he would publish a paper to prove that I didn't. It was only when I gave up the attempt to see the philosophic "system," and began to read his essays as one reads the essays of Emerson, that I began to see that here was a genuine new approach to the sorely tried and baffling problems of philosophy.

The naturalistic temper shows itself curiously in the external form of his writings. He does not give us any systematic treatise. His numerous essays are like the successive reports of a naturalist, constantly coming back to the same object, viewing it again and again from new points of view, and perpetually correcting his earlier impressions. Though I have the hardihood to think Professor Dewey's philosophy seriously defective in its Hegelian distrust of the abstract, in its overemphasis of biologic analogies and in its underestimating the purely logical or mathematical element of scientific truth, I think none of these defects inherent in the naturalistic method; they seem to me the excess of zeal in a righteous cause and the inevitable tendency to deny through sheer emphasis the existence of the things outside the scope of our interests.

The basic idea of the whole pragmatic movement is that since thought has appeared in the course of man's struggle for existence, it must have a biologic function, that is, it must favor the survival of the organism. Having broken with the idea of design in nature, the idea that nature, like the prudent heroes of Samuel Smiles, never does anything purposeless or in vain why should we swallow it in its biologic guise? The Darwinian ideas of adaptation, struggle and survival were doubtless useful in their day but they are being somewhat eclipsed in contemporary experimental biology. Certain it is that their indiscriminate application to the field of social and psychic life is not the prerequisite of scientific sanity, and on an empirical basis there is little evidence to connect the philosophical excellence of a mind like Plato's with the biologic survival of the species.

According to Professor Dewey all thinking begins because we get into trouble. In the beginning man dwells in

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a paradise of pure experience, knowing not the difference between truth and falsehood. But our paradise contains rival forces and their rivalry brings about a strain until through the labor of reflection man readjusts himself to the new situation. Doubtless this is largely true. So long as all goes well with Job he does not ask, Why do the righteous prosper? But I think there is also a great deal of thought that is the result of idle curiosity, or comes through sheer imitation. A certain idea like natural selection proves highly successful in one field and men at once try to apply it in all sorts of fields in which it has no appropriate place.

With all his radicalism Professor Dewey remains true to the Lockean tradition which regards the study of the constitution of knowledge as the true starting point in philosophy and thus tends to make the latter synonymous with mental science. Thus Professor Dewey's experimental logic is a phenomenal psychology, an account of how men do think. To real logic, to an account of the general constitution of objects, of which the facts of psychology are only one species, Professor Dewey is certainly not friendly. Thus it becomes rather difficult to distinguish his philosophy from the anthropocentric view of the world which Schiller calls humanism. Indeed, the predominant emotional value of modern idealism and of pragmatism is the same: both are compensatory philosophies, reconciling man to scientific discoveries which have diminished his dignity as the center of creation. When the Copernican astronomy broke up the comfortable belief that all creation revolved about man's abode, idealism arose and said: Behold! your body may be a speck on a tiny particle of dust, but the whole character of the universe depends on consciousness. Now that Darwinism has broken down man's splendid isolation from the rest of the biologic world, the newer idealism and pragmatism try to use the very terms of Darwinism, evolution, adaptation, etc., to construct a picture of the world in which the *élan vital,* experience, and so on hold the central and dignified position. In vain does Professor Dewey insist that by experience he also means objects, like chairs, which in some form pre-exist human knowledge. Words are stubborn things and do not readily submit to bearing unusual meanings. In spite of all warnings people will continue to take the word experience to denote some personal possession, an *erlebnis*. Hence they will, also, fail to understand Professor Dewey's attitude to the belief which all scientific investigators share, namely, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are contained in our experience; or, in the language of Justice Holmes, that we are in the belly of the universe and not it in us.

The prevailing temper of American philosophy has been well expressed by one of our mid-western teachers when he said that philosophy should justify itself "not as an intellectual pastime, or as an emotional indulgence, nor yet as an escape from the unwelcome realities of our present existence but by its bearing on human weal and woe." This is a noble sentiment but not the embodiment of an accurate analysis of things. In the first place it ignores the fact that we live in a paradoxical world in which it happens to be true as a matter of historic fact that the men who have done most for human weal and woe have been precisely those who have pursued pure science as a pastime or as an escape from the monotony of empty life. Not a single advance in man's control over nature in modern times but is based on the work of men like Galileo, Newton or Lagrange, whose predominant passion was to find the simplest mathematical expression in which, they believed, the book of nature was written. We should never have had wireless electricity and the consequent saving—or destruction—of life, if Maxwell had devoted himself to the promotion of human welfare instead of speculating about the æther—which may not exist at all—and about the purely mathematical properties of electro-magnetic equations.

Still more important, however, is the recognition of the poverty of the conception of human weal and woe which does not include the pursuit of philosophy not only as a means but also as an end in itself. Too many current conceptions regard human welfare as consisting solely of instrumentalities by which life is prolonged or rendered physically more comfortable. But what make human life dignified and worth while are not the instrumentalities but certain things which are ends in themselves, the delights of companionship, the joy of creative activity, the vision of beauty, and not least the unique privilege of being for a brief space a spectator of the great drama of existence in which solar systems are born and destroyed—a drama in which our part as actors is of infinitesimal significance.

There are several passages in Professor Dewey's writings which may be construed as partial admissions of the above contention. But these admissions do not determine the trend of his philosophy which is dominated throughout by what I must regard as an unwise fear of other-worldliness. It is true that the glorification of the contemplative life has led, as in the case of the Greek or Russian Church, to a mysticism that is downright filthy. But it is not meet for philosophy because one extreme is vicious to jump to the opposite extreme which may be no better.

The too ardent desire to make philosophy a means to improve the world, seems to me the source of the limitations of Professor Dewey's educational and political philosophy. I have no sympathy with the fatuity of the old classical education, and am heartily in favor of an education which will enable the great majority to have a better understanding and control of their actual environment. But so long as our world remains so far from our heart's desire, any philosophy or education which does not also enable one to build a haven whence he can for a time escape from the suffocating cruelties of every-day life, is needlessly cruel. Does not wisdom consist in apportioning time for work and time for play, time to live with others and time to live with one's self?

In politics Professor Dewey's aversion to ideals divorced from actualities would perhaps be best embodied in the impossible *a priori* program of the old Socialist Labor party, and I suppose the logical consequence of his views would be a practical program of reform that would progressively improve all the conditions of municipal, state and national life. But though the latter course is my own preference as a citizen, I am not sure that it is always the wisest course. Whenever I think of this question the pale face of a socialist tailor that I once knew comes to my mind. Possessed of remarkable intellectual and literary gifts, his life was wrecked by commonplace poverty and hard work. As I recall how his deep-set eyes would lighten up and his whole figure be transformed as he explained that by voting the Socialist ticket he was dealing the death-blow to the capitalist system and laying the sure foundation of the beatific coöperative commonwealth, I wonder whether a practical reform party which might have helped to increase his wages or reduce the number of hours, could so have lifted his life out of the sodden dreariness through which so many have to bear their burden.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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Deutschland

A Harvest of German Verse, selected and translated by Margerete Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

WHILE I was looking over Miss Münsterberg's little volume of translations from the German lyrists, Johanna was tidying my room. She is a little blonde servant-girl from Saxony, in no wise distinguished from other girls of her station. Miss Münsterberg had translated the last line of Goethe's ballad "The King of Thule" by "Ne'er more a drop he drank," and eager to learn whether the original, too, excited in the mind of the reader a doubt as to whether it was into the arms of Death or of the W. C. T. U. that the aged monarch sank, I asked Johanna whether she remembered the poem. She knew "Der König in Thule," and, blanket in hand, quoted the last stanza. I showed her some other lines that puzzled me. Her face lit with pleasure as she recognized the poems in their English dress. And she told me that she had a German book that contained most of the poems in "A Harvest of German Verse." In a few moments she returned, rubbing a book with her apron. It was a well-thumbed volume called "Auswahl Deutscher Gedichte," and contained the classic lyrics of the German tongue. Johanna went on making the bed.

That this little servant-girl knew and loved the lyric poetry of her land, does not distinguish her from other German girls of her sort and education. Nor does that prove the average girl of the German people the spiritual superior of the Irish girl or the French girl. To only one thing it testifies, and that is the quality that distinguishes German lyric poetry from the lyric poetry of other lands. German song is an absolutely democratic art. One has to go far to find again an art that is so thoroughly of the whole people and for the whole people, for the Duchess of Brunswick, for Frau Krupp von Bohlen, for Johanna. In the German lyric, whether it be the work of one of the unknown poets of the folk-songs, or of a Goethe, the entire people, of all ranks and classes, finds itself. In contradistinction to that of England and France, it is the possession of not merely the privileged classes. In the hands of its greatest masters, a Goethe, a Mörike, in its fullest flowering, it remains simple and popular, and in it, every German finds himself expressed, and through it every German expresses himself. When Otto Julius Bierbaum, one of the recent poets, announced that he wrote for every midinette, every apprentice, he was only attesting his allegiance to the traditions of a great democratic art. And so, it is something more than an anthology that Miss Münsterberg brings to the English-reading public. The songs that she has translated are not only songs. One can affirm, in Whitman's words, that "who touches them, touches a people." Into those lyrics have gone all that was deepest and sweetest and best in the national life. In them is the real Deutschland.

One can easily guess what drew Miss Münsterberg at just this time to the accomplishment of this work. It is but natural and lovely that there should have come upon her, in a community strongly French in its sympathies, the desire to perform an act of faith on behalf of her fatherland. Presenting the English-reading public for the first time with an anthology of the verse produced in Germany since the twelfth century was the surest way of gaining understanding for what is lovable in her country. But for the sake of Germany as well as that of our public, one wishes that the work had been done at a period when patriotism would have taken the form of greater critical acumen. It is not because of her selections that one quarrels with Miss Münsterberg, although the omission of poems by Hölderlin and Hebbel, and, among the moderns, Otto Ernst, Wedekind, Mombert, Dauthendey and the ebullient Marie-Madeleine is to be regretted. It is rather more because her translations too often are like those found between the staves of foreign songs published for the American market. Too often she deprives the poem of its characteristic phrase, as in her version of the famous "Under the Linden Tree" of Walter von der Vogelweide, where, in omitting an equivalent for the exclamation "Hehre Fraue" the reader is robbed of the marvellous little picture of minnesinger and chateleine afforded by it. When she permits the line "Than with despondency his soul to bane," to stand in the sonnet of a virtuoso like Platen, she shows an actual disregard for the art of the poem she is interpreting. There are times, happily, as in the translation of Luther's Christmas Hymn, or of Lenau's delicate night-piece, when her efforts are better rewarded. It was perhaps Miss Münsterberg's ambition that prevented success with the body of the work. The difficulties of verse-translation have always been underestimated. The wisest translators have been those who, if they could not recreate the original in their own tongue, have contented themselves with a careful prose equivalent. Miss Münsterberg added to the difficulties of her task in attempting to remain as close as possible to the "form," the metre, the verse-structure, the actual word-values of the original. The wonder is that she was successful so often. That she should have further diminished the value of her work by not more carefully guarding against little slips, against often undignified and inadequate renderings, is regrettable.

Still, it is no little thing to have given the English-reading public a book that with all its imperfections affords much insight into what is loveliest in German character and story. The national temper, as Professor Francke in his brief preface points out, is distinctly lyrical. The restraint and sense of form necessary to other literary expressions are not distinctly German qualities—the lyrical passages, we know, are what is most magnificent in "Faust." But into its songs, naïvely, sincerely, unrestrainedly, the race poured its being. And so, within the unassuming covers of Miss Münsterberg's book, there is something of what, during the course of eight centuries, touched and kindled the German heart. Here is the knightly love of the Middle Ages, the grim and sorrowful Protestantism of the Reformation. Here is the humor and the sentiment in which, during those long years after the religious wars, the folk expressed itself. Here, too, are glimpses of the broad and sturdy Germany, crowned by the sovereign genius of Goethe, of the years of national reawakening; glimpses of the simple and whole-hearted Germany of the bad old romantic days of which it is now so ashamed.

The Germany of recent years is represented largely through omission. True, there are contemporary poets. But, like Rilke, driven into themselves, or like von Hoffmansthal, in his verses, at least, bowed in contemplation of the spectacle of their own souls, or like Stefan George, existing in cold and æsthetic preoccupation, they no longer touch the national life. Dehmel alone still represents Germany and Berlin—most pathetically and veraciously when at the outbreak of the war he cried "Hour of steel, thou art a blessing," and volunteered for the army. We find ourselves a little sorrowfully turning back to the "bad" old romantic Germany. How lovely it was, that land of

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enamoured lotus-flowers, of distressed maidens and moonlight aplenty; that land of professors and idealists, of whole hearted men and women; that Germany of Schumann, of the great poets and the great dreamers. For many of us, the memory that Miss Münsterberg has recalled will bring only recurrent sorrow over a country, once loved, that has reacted so perversely from a noble past but fifty years old. To others, the vision may bring faith once more. The singers who sang for Germany cannot have given themselves in vain. The people that bore them cannot long remain fixed in the error that greatness and beauty and life mean war. That old vanished Germany, so fresh, so good, so lovely, cannot have gone forever!

PAUL L. ROSENFELD.

The Persiflage of Politics

The New Europe, by Arnold Toynbee. New York: E. P. Dutton. $1.00 net.

MR. TOYNBEE is well known as one of the most brilliant of that younger group of Oxford historians who, under the leadership of Mr. Zimmern, are rewriting for us the history of Greece and Rome so that it may be intelligible to the age in which we live. A keen student of geography, his "Nationality and the War" is probably among the very few volumes thus far produced in the conflict to which a really serious importance can be attached.

But the danger of war books is their fecundity. They tend to beget children as an attempt at mere justification of existence, and it is to this class of doubtful legitimacy that Mr. Toynbee's new volume belongs. Originally a series of papers written for the London *Nation,* it was admirable as a hasty summary of its subject. But as a book it is a thin and meagre production. It contains nothing at all novel, and it is not sufficiently argumentative to be really arresting. It can hardly be considered illuminating to write now that the English state stands for coöperation, and the German state for power. The definition of a nation as a group of men bound together by their will to coöperate probably raises as many issues as it solves. The assertion that nationality is as important as economics and that the mental outlook of Mr. Norman Angell is incomplete has grown a little tiresome with constant reiteration. The distinction between "natural frontiers" and "economic rights of way," while helpful, only begins to suggest the myriad questions it ought to answer. The book, in fact, simply skims a large number of surfaces without in any way suggesting their nature or extent. One cannot but think that, granted our previous knowledge of what Mr. Toynbee can accomplish, the publication of this work is peculiarly unfortunate.

Far more important than the volume proper is the introductory review of it by Lord Cromer. We have rarely been afforded so valuable an insight into the mind of a great proconsul. When he begins to pick out the qualities in Mr. Toynbee's volume of which he approves, we begin to see exactly what appeals to the sternly imperialist temper. He begins with an expression of thankfulness that Mr. Toynbee "does not inveigh against the obstructiveness of officials . . . or the wickedness of imperialists who are at times credited with entertaining chauvinistic intentions and opinions of which they are generally quite guiltless." In other words—*experto crede* and give the freest hand possible for the exportation of capital. Mr. Shaw—divine amateur as he is—must not discuss the Denshawai incident, particularly in a book about Ireland; and we are not to approve of the attitude of journalists like Mr. Brailsford to the problems of Moroccan finance. Because Mr. Toynbee admits that only a few peoples are capable of self-government Lord Cromer attributes to him a belief in the tutelage of imperialism. He is glad that, "save to a limited extent," Mr. Toynbee is not guilty of the divorce of practice from theory—as though anyone who reads Kant can help finally going into Parliament.

But the most illuminating section of Lord Cromer's essay is the note of contempt for the way in which the philosophy of Hegel has bitten deep into the soul of Germany. He does not seem to be aware that Mr. L. T. Hobhouse in a very brilliant book has indicted the imperialism for which Lord Cromer stands on precisely these Hegelian charges; or that Mr. Cecil Rhodes's worship of an all-red Africa is in reality traceable to exactly similar beliefs. Some of us would even dare to wonder if Lord Cromer's own Egyptian administration was quite free from a profound confidence in the essential supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon mind. But these are questions which only the expert can solve. What it is worth while protesting against is the childish and easy philosophy which is satisfied with attributing the war to Nietzsche or Treitschke or Hegel or Bernhardi. We have reason to go deeper than this monotonous superficiality.

Mr. Toynbee has something really valuable to say about nationality if he will only take time and space to say it adequately. If he will give us the benefit of his able speculations into Greek history and the result, after the war, of his thought on that new cockpit of Europe which the Bagdad railway has made so painfully accessible, he will write a book worthy of the great tradition he has inherited.

H. J. L.

War Everlasting

The Things Men Fight For, with some application to present conditions in Europe, by H. H. Powers, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

LET the pacifist beware of reading this book or at least pocket his optimism while reading. It is a shattering, disintegrating book, at once objective and depressing. All the hopes with which the nations entered the war it treats as illusions. The war is not waged for justice, humanity, the rights of small nations or the repression of militarism. The war is not an accident or a mistake or a crime, but a necessary consequence of a necessary cause, a thing inevitable, because with men as they are and boundaries and seas and mountains where they are, it was inevitable that men should will this war. It is not even a war that will end war but the precursor of more devastating conflicts to come. Whoever wins or loses, the war-breeding conditions will remain. They will even be magnified. After the treaty of peace is ratified, Austria and Italy will still be in deadly feud over the control of the Adriatic, and Germany and England over the control of the North Sea, while Russia and Japan, although bound by alliances, will strain every nerve for the inevitable war to decide the fate of Korea and Manchuria. Austria will remain a war center, since it will be either what it is today, an unstable combination of mutually hostile races, or something worse, a Balkan anarchy on a larger scale. Whichever nation gets Constantinople will leave either Austria or Russia frustrated and planning for the next war. Germany must continue to arm or die. In a few years or decades she will be unable to oppose both East and West. A little later she will be weaker than Russia alone. Then an offensive alliance against Russia of all the western

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Powers, a war of diplomacy and finance, and then a real war, and after that more wars, and after that still more wars.

All these wars, according to Dr. Powers, find their root in certain race-psychological and geographical facts. Each nation or racial group prefers its own qualities, characteristics and *Kultur;* it fights for existence, independence and expansion. It insists upon its right of defense, even though it involves the seizing of outside territory for strategic purposes. On ethical grounds each nation demands the incorporation of its unredeemed brethren across the boundary while on strategical grounds it denies the same right to alien groups within its own borders. Access to the sea, being necessary to economic independence, is to be enforced even by war. The pacifist may ask why a nation may not use a harbor without owning it, as the Germans have used Antwerp, the Swiss, Genoa, and the Canadians, Portland. But the nation will answer that "there is an instinct, the outgrowth, it may be, of a troubled past rather than of a wiser present, which refuses to be satisfied with these alien facilities." Would a man build on a lot which had no access to a highway? . . . "The sense of security for national interests will not cease to urge the acquisition of whatever may be needful to the rounded equipment of national life."

Unfortunately there are not ports, harbors, seas and channels to go round. The Dardanelles, for instance, constitute the outlet for most of Bulgaria, all of Roumania, more than half of Austria-Hungary, an immense area in Russia and a part of Asia Minor. How can each of these nations possess Constantinople exclusively? Russia is shut off from access to the Pacific by Japan, from the Persian Gulf by Great Britain, from the Mediterranean and beyond by Turkey at Constantinople and England at Gibraltar, while her Baltic trade passes through the Danish straits, protected by Germany, and under the British guns at Dover. England lies directly on Germany's sea communications and at any moment may shut off German trade. For Germany to control this situation means the loss of British naval supremacy and the end of the British Empire. If Russia does not control the Yellow Sea, she has no outlet on the Pacific; if she does control it Japan's doom is sealed. Nature is niggardly in her trade routes; the traffic of the world is congested in certain seas and is forced to go through narrow straits, easily blocked. To all the evils brought upon Europe by a jumble of nations and petty racial groups, with hostile traditions, unreasoning and impossible desires for expansion, and with vital interests irreconcilable with the vital interests of other nations—to all this tragic confusion is added the last great calamity that no nation can be permitted peacefully to hold dominion over certain trade routes and no nation is satisfied with less.

Because of these facts wars to-day, according to Dr. Powers, are as necessary to the gradual, one might say the glacial movement toward an ever-changing settlement of the world as labor is to birth. He rather summarily dismisses various proposals for peace. Arbitration is good as far as it goes, but nations arbitrate only when the interests involved do not justify fighting. Compulsory arbitration, a league to enforce peace, are pathetically impracticable, a begging of the very question at issue. A United States of Europe is Utopian; if attained at all it could only be attained by war. The error of the pacifists, according to the author, is that they ignore the real factors leading to war. They prescribe as a doctor might prescribe for the symptoms of a disease, without recognizing how deeply ingrained is war, both in race heredity and in an unfavorable and practically unchangeable environment.

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We may understand the author's method better by noting how he applies these rules governing national conduct to the present war. Though passionately pro-British and desirous of an Anglo-American *entente*, Dr. Powers believes that none of the nations could or should, have refused to enter into the war. "Who is responsible?" he asks himself. "Servia, says Austria, for if she had ceased her agitation we should have dwelt in peace; Austria, says Russia, for had she not demanded the impossible, Servia would have yielded all; Russia, says Germany, for had she not interfered in a quarrel that was none of her affair, Servia would have yielded; Germany, says Britain, for a word from her would have restrained Austria; Britain, says Germany, for Russia would not have interfered unless assured of British support. And all are true. There is not one of these, from the least unto the greatest, that could not have stopped war by refraining from the fatal step. And there is not one of them that could have refrained without sacrificing its vital interests. Servia, by ceasing its agitation, would have abandoned her hope of uniting her people and reaching the sea. Austria, by lessening her demands, would have risked the integrity of her empire. Russia, by holding aloof, would have lost to a rival the key to her own empire. Germany, by restraining Austria, would have closed up the only escape from her prison, and would have accepted for herself and her civilization the status of another Holland. Britain, if she had held aloof, would have ensured Germany's victory, would have lost her command of the sea, and would have ceased to be an empire."

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nation will, in this accounting, ever be able to recede. War is the penalty of the universal love of greatness and there is no alternative—at least no present alternative to war. The battle is to the big, the strong and the rapidly growing, and the victories of war ratify the victories of peace. To those who cling to the hope that somehow war can be averted, the author offers no solution except what is to be found in the gradual, coercive integration of peoples, the ending ultimately of dwarf nations, valetudinarian nations, and nations with no basis in adequate natural resources, the growth of vast super-nations populated by hundreds of millions, and finally a peaceful, selfish merger between these incomprehensibly huge aggregations. It may take a few centuries and may then not be complete, but it is safer to trust to this slow process—though whether we trust or not makes not the slightest difference—than to believe that human nature will change or that the meek nations will inherit the Earth.

Again and again in his progress through this book the reader is warned to preserve a spirit of "dispassionate inquiry." He is to follow the Truth wherever that pallid and uncomfortable consort leads him, and not go whoring after all manner of enticing illusions. He becomes almost ashamed of his hopes. In the end, however, he wonders whether there is not an element of illusion, even of concealment, about this primly naked truth. In the first place the reader discovers rather unpleasantly that the author has neglected to consider the class interest in war, which so often motivates what seems to be a national interest; that he has ignored the influence on peace of a steadily declining birth-rate, of a slowly growing internationalism in business, and of other economic and social influences, at which we cannot here even hint. Even on the author's own ground, however: Are nations and the men who constitute them quite so patriotically irrational and megalomaniac as is asserted? Is conciliation impossible and is it inadmissible to consider the principle of live and let live, of bargaining, splitting the difference and using jointly what no nation will permit another nation to use singly? Admitting that nations are selfish, must their selfishness be near-sighted and unenlightened?

To end with a single example. If the freedom of the Dardanelles is an absolutely vital interest to Russia, to Roumania and to Hungary, may not a control of these straits by a disinterested Power like the United States, while admittedly difficult and even dangerous, be far less difficult and dangerous than a world war, the cost of which the nations are learning to appraise? Or again, if England, through fear of a possible hostile combination of naval Powers, refrains in peace from abusing her mastery of the sea, may we not secure elsewhere a similar control over Powers in possession either by disinterested Powers or by Powers likely to be injured? Even though nations continue to exist and to be hostile, may we not work along the line of the creation of supra-national organizations to which may be delegated certain defined supra-national functions? Granted that no complete settlement is yet within sight, that certain nations are caught in a geographical trap and others rent by internal racial conflicts running far back into history, still the actual divisions do not seem to be so sharp or categorical as the author pretends, and where there is no way through there is often a way around. The nations cannot satisfy their extreme national ambitions either through war or peace, for the world is too small for so many "manifest destinies," but the ambitions themselves may be moderated and accommodated.

WALTER E. WEYL.

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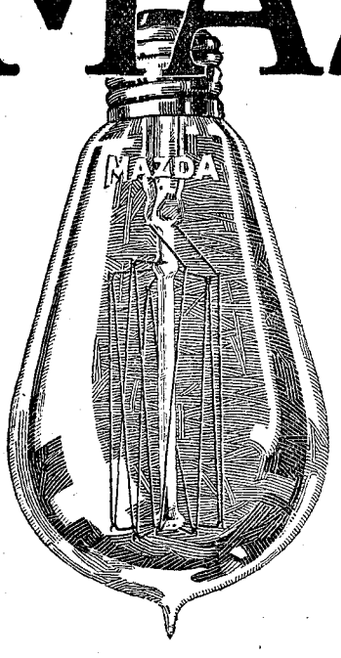

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